

Akala - Who's the Gangsta? Lyrics

Yo, Akala, listen...
Who's the Gangsta?
We claim Gangsta
Hip hop tells us we're Gansta
But do we make the straps and the scales?
Or just pack the jails
So please ask yourself
Who's the Gansta? The real Gansta

I don't give a rats arse
Or a raasclaat
Who you're spars are
Or where you par par
Don't start
Are your bars hard?
Have you mastered
How to spar with a bastard?
Been dark since the march of the Spartans
Before Eve ate the fruit of the garden
I was in pursuit of the truth like a slalom
Dodging these sergeants
Slave masters
Whether they cuffed or they feathered and tarred 'em
Same shit
Different Jargon
Same Clip
Different cartridge
Same whip
Different master
Look closer
We ain't got past it
The shackles are not tackled
They're just different
Cattle rattle and rattle
But they collect the dividends
We're a fuel for someone else's engine
We don't run a damn thing We're just pretending
So all the big talk, don't affect me
My elders lick banks So you can't impress me
With all the talk 'bout another mans gun
That we use to kill each other for fun
When the master sends the overseers to see us
We toss the weapon and run
Boy dem run in your yard diss your mother
Dashing her knickers all out of the cupboard
Got us face down with their feet on our neck
But we still believe we are vets

But... do we make the straps and the scales
Or just pack the jails
So please ask yourself
WHO'S THE GANGSTA?
Do we make the planes and the boats
That import the coke?
So please ask yourself
WHO'S THE GANSTA?

We blow each other's brain in
So entertaining
They drop bombs of depleted Uranium
You bruk the law?
You go to prison
They kill a couple million, stack a billion
Business as usual, death in the colonies
What is that but state to state armed robbery
Just a road move on a bigger level
Think we are mountains but we're just pebbles
Better yet a sand grain
Go pop a little champagne
But the people in the south of France are not our fans mate
Would love to live nice and happy too
But ask yourself this
Does anyone that you know control the flow of capital?
The answer is no
And if you knew the business deals man are negotiating
You would know you could never ever claim that im hatin
Vegan cuz, but I get the bacon and eggs just fine
In case you're mistaken
And if I don't like that?
I don't like that
Grew up on Big Yout and Gregory Isaacs
No surprise that
Revolution on my track
Been right there from right back
Sacred Geometry
Don't follow me
Still just an angry yout that spits horribly
Trying to live peaceful, I remember
What happened the last time I lost my temper
And believe I ain't trying to be hard
The abuse that I suffered
I'm emotionally scarred
Supposed to be only beholding the bars
Instead I'm a professor that never went to class
I write literature, they write bars
The Celtic warrior, Marooned from yard
When you compare me to these little tarts
All you are showing is you're not very smart
Real MC it's my culture

Grew up on the sound systems with the toasters
You man'a put down
Its third gear to me
Tenth planet ain't not another one near to me
When I orbit
Clicks forfeit
'course it flows
My yout don't force it
Or try brush man off
As just conscious
Come out my face with that nonsense
Tug revolution, that's what it is
Never do we run from one of these kids
If we ain't shook with the owners of the plantation
Why would we run from a slave?
We've all got goons
That love us enough to wanna die for us
So just behave
Cause man'a old school straighteners
One two one two face of the haters
Chasing their papers
Nah!
Man are chasing freedom
But papers are making and blatantly shaking and quaking in their boots
Anytime you talk about breaking enslavement
So I do feel like Neo in the Matrix
Cause I don't understand
Why is everybody so scared of the agents
When they are powerless BLATANT
Got a little bit, but I put it on the line
Listen to the shit that I spit in my rhymes
Ali at his prime, principal first
Even if it means that I don't get heard
Cause the herds are absurd
Their hating the nerd
But the nerd's controlling the face of the earth
So I tell a man so straight I'm a nerd
But duppy a track at my worst
Cold as a blizzard in a furnace
A wizard of a wordsmith
Riddles that I chisel in stone
Perfect
Ask for yourself on the road
They'll tell you Akala is cold
He kicks knowledge for the block
Never gonna stop
Progression on my albums
Never gonna flop
When that shit's on
It starts to dawn
This whole shit is chess
And they want us to celebrate the fact that we are just pawns

But I am not on it
See
The last thing they want is man with road energy
To stop killing one another and think cleverly
And ask why you're living where you're living and how you're living
Did you create the conditions that you're raising you're kid in?
And if you didn't who did it?
Is it really for the hood
If only by crushing your aspirations
Can they maintain this here situation
Only by destroying the dreams of your kids quick
Can they keep their unearned privileges
And that is what it's all about